Signs That Told an Observant Girl That She Was Betrothed.

They happened to meet in a State street stole the other day and they had a conversation which sent one of them away with floods of light illuminating her soul. She was one of those girls who are adored by old ladies, and constantly invited to tea by them to meet bachelor sons, and who can count all the beaux they ever had on the fingers of one hand.

The other-well, she was different; she was one of those maddening creatures who are always mysteriously supplied with roses and bonbons and escorted to the theatre on first nights, in spite of the fact that all the other girls are agreed that "there is absolutely nothing in her." The latter young woman was meditating over some silks when the other greeted her. "I suppose you are trying to decide between the old rose and the pale

green," she said. "Well, no," replied the other girl frankly. "You see, I am getting my wedding things, and I think I'll have both." Then she looked down to blush and looked up to see the effect of her WOI 18.

"Is it possible? I"-"Yes, dear, and you can't imagine how nervous I am.'

"I only hope you"---"Will be happy? Of course I shall; why, I can always make him do just

what I choose. The other girl pursed up her lips and | Just now who demanded that his bed be looked virtuous. "Oh, I shouldn't like that at all. The man I marry must | north. Before the night is over we be one that I can obey."

"Not at all, my dear. It is all very nice to talk that way to the men-they like it and it sounds pretty, besides doing no harm until you are really going to marry one of them, when you want your own way, just like any other sensible woman."

"Well, do tell me how he"- began the other girl dreamily. "Proposed? Oh, but he hasn't done

it yet." "But I thought that you"-

am, goosie. You see it is just this way: with a little stop, which held the indi-He will call at 8 this evening, and by cator in a certain position, and it so 9 at latest we will be formally engaged."

asked the other girl. asks you in an anxious tone if you gentleman discovered his mistake the think a married man ought to give up next morning, and I presume was

his club you may know that his in- cured of the fad."-New Orleans Times. tentions are serious; and when he follows it up a few days later by asking you if you don't think a man has a right to smoke all over his own house it is high time to decide whether the wedding shall be at home or in "My goodness!"

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced

"Oh, do tell me about it." "No, it was simply this: I met him on the street yesterday, and he was reading a paper so intently that he didn't even see me until I spoke. Then he blushed violently and in great confusion thrust his paper into his overcoat pocket. Well, he went home with me and-now you must never tell this

as long as you live."

"I never, never will." "Well, I was so curious to see what he had been reading that confused him so, that I made an excuse to slip out into the hall where his coat was hanging and take the paper out of his pocket, and what do you think it was?"

"Oh, I can't imagine." "It was a household paper, and the article that he had been reading was one which proved conclusively that two people could live a great deal more cheaply than one. Now, do you see why I am commencing to select my trousseau?" she asked trium-

"Yes, I do," meekly replied the other girl.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Dr. Hale on the Crash of 1893. In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale's novel of "The Fortunes of Rachel" was first published. The novel runs to the end of the century, and, in the year 1900, Tom Poore, at Washington, reviews the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. He says in this review: "The shares rose again steadly for five years, when I sold again. The crash of 1893 came, and everybody supposed manufacturing was at an end. At the lowest depression I bought Stocking shares again. * * * When the company wound up two years ago (in 1898) the shares yielded \$6,050, and here it is." We reprint the passage from the novel, which is not so well konwn as it should be, for the benefit of investors in "the crash

of 1893."—Boston Commonwealth. Uncle Zeb's Suspicion. "Uncle Zeb," said the magistrate, "this is the third time you have been

"Yessir." "How do you explain it?"

arr. sted this month."

"Well, sah, dar's a new p'leeceman on our beat.' "Has that anything to do with the

case? "I dunno, sah; on'y it sut'ny hez seemed ter me dat may be was kinder usin' me ter practice on."

Yet He Meant Well.

The young clergyman had consented shoot myself." at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was as that," replied the sage, "you are accustomed to go to the bridewell Sun- underestimating your affection." day morning and preach to the prison-

young man as he rose up and faced you wait a while and you will find you the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it have love enough left for half a dozen rejoices my heart to see so many of girls."-Indianapolis Journal. you here this morning."-Ckicago Tri-

Disappointing.

those you gave us for breakfast the a't allow him to be seen in a liquor other day?"

Sister was touched. They were the first cheering words Johnny had spoken to her in a long time. "Certainly," she answered.

you going to have a party?" "No: I wanted to try them in my cause it's generally so blame big, I new slungshot. '-Washington Star. .

Unselfish Love. He-If you loved me you would marry me while I am poor. She-You do me injustice. I love you Papa-It is a house where they have too much to have your precious health chops.

risked by my cooking. Wait until you

can afford to keep servants.-Life.

CRANKY GUESTS.

Experience of Hotel Clerks in Dealing

With Some of Them. "I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at the Hotel Denechaud last evening as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it. "What is the matter with it?" asked Mr. Justin Denechaud, who was be-

hind the desk at the time. "There is nothing the matter with it except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than twenty years I have slept in a bed with the head towards the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep in a bed with the head in any other direction.'

"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed in that position," said the clerk, as he ran his eye over the list of rooms. "The hotel is well filled to-night, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you," and calling the porter Mr. Denechaud instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter upstairs, and as nothing further was heard of him it is presumed that he retired and slept the sleep of the blessed.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Mr. Denechaud, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. You noticed that gentleman changed with the head towards the may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and of course we are obliged to accommodate every one. I remember an instance like this several years ago. A gentleman, slightly under the influence of liquor, came into the hotel one night and, producing a pocket compass, said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with the man and they placed the bed as requested. The joke about it Your wife gave it to me." "Were selecting a trousseau? So I was that the compass was furnished happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed di-"But how do you know?" helplessly | rectly northeast, according to the compass, was in reality so placed that the "Simply by precedent. When a man | head was directly to the south. The

> The Best He Could Do. The seedy individual, blear-eyed and unkempt, slipped into a cheap restaurant near the Michigan Central Depot the other morning and sat down at a table in the corner, where the waiter discovered him.

"How much is a cup of coffee?" he

"Five cents." "And a steak?" "Ten cents." "Fried eggs?"

"Five cents." "Potatoes?" "Five cents." "Bread and butter?"

"Five cents." "Do you charge anything extra for knife and fork and plate?

"Oh, no." Then he ran his hand down into his pocket. "Well, bring me them," he said, shak-

ing his head. "I guess I can't do any better this morning than go through the motions."-Detroit Free Press.

Her Sarcasm. "John," she said after some silence. "What is it, my dear?" "Men say that women talk a great

leal, don't they?" "I believe they do." "And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty

in making up her mind." "Yes." "John?" "Well, dear?"

"Are there any women in Congress?" "And yet, just look at it."

She Tried to Help. He (devoted but bashful) - There's peen an awful lot in the papers lately about political combines and rings and

She (determined to help him out)-Yes, I've noticed. Do women ever get mixed up with them?

He-Certainly not. Why do you ask She (with a "now will you tumble?"

emphasis)-Because I feel as if I would like to get into a ring of some kind myself.

No presents.-Buffalo Courier.

Why He Was Dropped. Ethel-Why didn't Henrietta have anything to do with that noted young writer when he came? She said she

was going to. Maude-Yes, but during their first talk he said he had never met a pretty woman who had any brains. So Henrietta dropped him, considering it a personal insult.

Ethel (amiably)-Why, which does she think she has,

Good Advice. "She has discarded me," wailed the young man. "I have half a notion to

"When you entertain such an idea

"Don't you mean overestimating?" "Well, you may be overestimating its "My friends," said the embarrassed intensity, but not its quantity. Just

His Principle. Brown-Is Black a man of principle? White - Decidedly. Whenever he "Sister," said the little boy, "will you wants any whiskey he sends Jack please make me a lot of biscuit like | Fodd for it. Black's principles would

> shop.-Boston Transcript. Of Adult Size.

Tommy-Pa, why do they say that "a note matures" when it falls due. Pa (worrying over his debts)-Besuppose.-Chicago Record.

Chops for One. Johnnie (with an ax)-Papa, what is a chophouse?

Johnny (plaintively)--Is it anything like a woodshed, papa?

HE HAD NOTHING TO SAY. Though He was Father of the Baby, He Did Not Count.

The father thought he should have something to say in regard to the name the child should bear, and when his wife proposed George Augustus he accepted the first part, but rejected the last-that is, tried to reject it.

"Make it George William," he said. 'William is a better name than Augustus, and then it will please Uncle

"Yes, and every one will call him Bill," she protested. "I don't like the name. Augustus is better.'

"You won't make the change?" "I don't see why I should." "Very well," he said, as he started for his hat and coat; "I'm going to the

The next morning, as he was putting on his coat, he asked: "How about that name?"

"Why, we'll call him George Augustus," she returned in surprise. "Good-day," he said, as he went out and slammed the door. When he came home that night he

asked: "Is it still Gussie?" "Augustus," she corrected.

After supper he emarked, sneer-"Gussie! Gussie! That's a nice kind of a name, isn't it?'

"Augustus is a very nice name," she replied, calmly. Before going to church for the bap-

sarcastically: "Do you still stick to Gussie?" "George Augustus," she said, sweet-

tism the following morning he asked,

He shut himself in his room for a few minutes and wrote plainly on a sheet of paper, "George William." Then he put it and a \$10 bill in an envelope and joined the baptismal party. Once at the church he slipped off to one side and handed the clergy-

man an envelope. "Thank you for the fee," said the latter, "but I already have the name.

"I thought you might make a mistake In it," suggested the father. "Oh, no. It is written very plainly George Augustus.'"

The father sighed and gave up the struggle, but he is getting his revenge now by informing admiring friends in his wife's presence that the baby's name is "Gussie."

No Room to Explain. The tramp with a new gag approached the man with money in his pocket. "Please, sir," he said, "will you give Mahmemosic something to-day?" "Who's Mahmemosic?" asked the gentleman, somewhat puzzled. "It's Indian, sir, for Man-not-afraid-

"That's all right, but I never heard of Mahmemosic before." The tramp assumed a look of amaze-

to-ask-for-a-dime.'

"What," he exclaimed; "never heard of Mahmemosic?" "No; never did." "Did you ever hear of Abraham Lin-

"Lincoln?" queried the gentleman, catching a cue. "Who's he," The tramp ignored the question.

"Perhaps you've heard of Gen. "Can't say I ever did."

"You've certainly heard of Washing-

"Washington?" and the gentleman rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Let me see; what was his first name?"

"George, sir-George Washington." "No; I never heard of him. Who The tramp took a long look at his

was he?" proposed benefactor.

"Well," he said, "he was a man who never done what you are doin' now in great shape," and the tramp had the gentleman in a hole he couldn't get out of without paying a dime and cutting short further explanation.-Detroit Free Press.

An Important Point. "Oh, say, Mamie," exclaimed Maud, 'you just ought to see Harry since he joined the National Guard. He looks perfectly lovely." "He must." rejoined Mamie, rap-

turously. "I do so hope there won't be any "It would be dreadful if Harry were

to get killed." "I wasn't thinking of that. Lots of people go to war without getting killed. But he'd be just certain to spoil his clothes."-Washington Star.

A Regular Thing. The Hostess (apologetically at luncheon)-This being Friday, Mr. Castleton, we don't have as much as on other days.

Castleton-Neither do I, as a rule. The Hostess-Why, do you fast on Friday because you think it right to Castleton (going)-Oh, no. Because

'm broke.-New York Herald. Economy. Wool-Hicks promised to give his

wife ten cents for every ten he spent for cigars. Van Pelt-How does it work?

Wool-First rate, whenever we meet he buys me a drink and I buy him a cigar.-Truth.

An Egotist. Miss Gussie Riverside-I don't think would ever marry a very handsome man. I'd be so jealous if my husband was an Apollo. Dudely Canesucker-Don't say that, Miss Gussie. You wob me of my last

hope.-Texas Siftings. Accounted for at Last. First Urchin-What d'ye reckon's the reason Buff'lo Bill wears his hair

so long? Second Urchin-He wants to let them Injuns of his know he ain't afraid of 'em.-Chicago Tribune.

A Fine Team. Penelope-Don't you see the advant-

age? Richley-No; I do not. Penelope-Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make!-Life.

A Distinction. "Do you enjoy going to school?" asked the youth's uncle. "Yes, sir; I enjoy goin' all right. It's sittin' still in school after I get there that I don't like."-Washington Star.

He Eats and Sleeps Under the Roof That Shelters the President.

A horse has his home in the White House. This is a literal fact which visitors never discover and which few Washington people know. The horse which shares the Executive Mansion with the President isn't a thoroughbred. He has neither pedigree nor record. He is just a plain, every-day horse, with a white star in his forehead, a faithful companion to Edgar

R. Beckley. And who is Edgar R. Beckley? The man who, for twenty-five years, has carried to and from the White House all of the interesting and valuable mail received and sent, and who has never been found remiss in his duty, says the Globe-Democrat. There are men who seem bound to become monuments of fidelity to routine trusts. Beckley is one of them. Rain or shine, in all seasons, he makes the hourly trips between the White House and the city Post-Office. He is the White House mail-carrier. And the horse that has his home in the White House carries

The part of the mansion set apart for the borse is one corner of the conservatory. A thin partition is all that separates the roomy stall from the orchids. There is just room enough for the stall and a temporary supply of feed, and the horse eats and sleeps under the same roof with the President of the United States.

Their Slave Was a Princess. "An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott County, Va." said E. L. Dement to the corridor man at the Southern. "She lived to a great age, and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa, and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave-trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readlly did, realizing instinctively that she was born to command. A grown woman when captured, she had lived with the same family for over seventy years at the time her freedom was declared, and she continued to reside on the plantation in a cabin set apart for her eighteen or twenty years after the war closed, making her considerably over a hundred years of age. She was AT THE

known almost throughout the State as the African princess, and in her later years she was a sort of queen over the negroes in the region where she lived, being waited on in her little cabin by a royal retinue of servants whenever she wanted them to do her bidding." St. Louis Exchange.

All He Wanted. "What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door. "Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied, with a politeness that awakened her

suspicion. "Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No'm. I don't want no money." "Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet." "I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread." She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here I'll give you a piece of ple, anyhow." "No'm. I druther hev the dry bread."

"Do you like it?" "No, but yer see me an' the rest of the boys hez hustled aroun' till we've got a turkey, an' some celery, an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

Quite Right. A funny incident, accompanied by a witty retort, was enjoyed the other day as the crowd was surging out of one of the Indianapolis theatres. In front of a party of gentlemen was a man with his coat collar turned up about his ears. "Why, there is B---, said one of the party. "He doesn't seem to see us; I guess I'll wake him up." At the same time, and without stopping to think, he stepped forward and hit the bundled-up individual a terrific slap on the back. The man turned around as he received the blow and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the hilarious gentleman the face of a total stranger. He hesitated a moment before the calm and inquiring gaze of the man in front, and then, stepping forward, said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but, to tell the truth, I took you for another man."

The Impossible.

"I am," was the quiet reply.

The prisoner at the bar had won the favor of the Chicago Judge, and that dispenser of justice wanted to help

"You have restored the money you stole," he said, "and now, if I let you off, what will you do?" "I'll lead an honest life, your Honor; indeed, I will," pleaded the prisoner.

"Where will you go?" "I'll stay right here in Chicago, your Honor, where I was born and raised." The Judge shook his head. "I guess you'll find it easier at the workhouse," he said, coldly. "Six

His Advantage. They had been classmates and roommates at a fashionable female college, and had often discussed the future, or matrimony, which is much the same thing, over a box of bonbons when they were supposed to be in bed. And now Valeria was about to become a

months."—Detroit Free Press.

wife and Gertrude had just been let into the secret. "But," said Gertrude, with an air of deep disappointment, "he seems to be as far as possible from your ideal." "Yes, that's just the point," replied Valeria, speaking as one whose mind is at rest; "he won't be constantly reminding me of it, don't you see?"

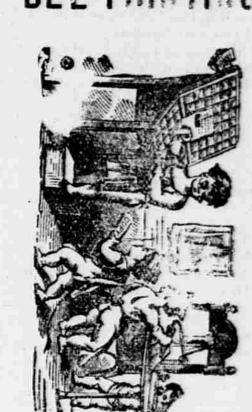
A Biblical Note. St. Peter-There seems to be a strange bond of sympathy between Victor Hugo and Elijah. Gabriel-No wonder. Both knew what it was to be translated .- Vogue.

It Dies Out. Maud-Is kissing before marriage Marie-It is not so proper before

marriage as after, but it is a good deal

more frequent -New Y-

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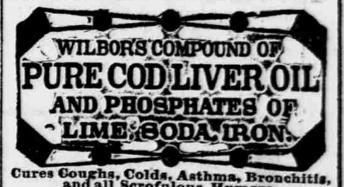
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